

THE TRUE TEST

By Mildred Caroline Goodridge.

"Doctor, he has agreed!"

"Very good. I will telephone the sheriff at once and make all the arrangements for the test."

Perhaps few mortals have been in the peculiarly strained and unnatural situation of Doris Hemingway. She was of the world's obscure and humble, and scarcely the heroine or even understudy for the upper crust ro-



"Listen, Sir," Went on Doris, Earnestly.

mance. There was, however, beyond the modest patient exterior a soul of rare worth. It shone out now in her eager, anxious eyes.

The sombre looking, thoughtful physician who proceeded to a telephone closet and was busy there for a minute or two, was Prof. Alpheus Woods. He had made a name and a fortune in his profession. Now he

was a faddist. At least so standard sources designated him, for he had written three extreme books on "Heredity," leading up to the audacious claim that he could extinguish the criminal instinct in man, woman or child by a simple surgical operation, and make of the most vicious mentally warped assassin or thief an honorable, trustworthy citizen.

A month previous Professor Woods had interested the criminologists and the local jail authorities by asking that they find a subject for his test. It was intimated that any professional criminal in custody who would submit to the operation should receive his liberty.

It was not so easy to find self-confessed criminals who would run the risk of a dangerous operation. The majority claimed to be inherently innocent as lambs, and trusted to the lawyer rather than the surgeon to win their freedom. At length Professor Woods found a typical case—Robert Tyler, burglar, a man who freely admitted that the impulse to rob was an irresistible influence of his nature.

The world had hardly mistreated this man. A keen schemer had wrested a fortune from him through the slippery deviations of the law. In desperation Tyler had set at work to get "even with the law." He had been appealed to in the matter of the Woods' test. He had wavered, declined, but now to the satisfaction of Professor Woods a pleasing faced, pleading-eyed girl had appeared at his office to announce that she had prevailed upon Robert Tyler to undergo the operation.

"I have 'phoned the sheriff," announced the professor, returning to his seat. "I have no doubt that Tyler will be placed in my charge within the hour."

"Oh, sir," breathed the girl fervently, "do you think you can cure him?"

"I have made my system a life